

M I name is parrot, a bird of paradise
By nature deuised, of a wonderous kind
Dienteli dieted, with diuers delicate spice
Eyl Cuphrates that floud, driueth me into Indes
Where men of that countrey, bi fortune me find
And send me, to great Ladies of estate
Then parrot must haue an almon or a date.

A cage curiously caruen, with silver pin
Properly paynted, to be my couertowre
A myrrour of glasse, that I may tote therein
These maides ful mekely w many a diuers flour
Freshly they dresse, and make swete my boure
With speke parrot I pray you, sal courteously thei
Parrot is a goodly byrd, a pretty Popagey (say

With my becke bent, my litle wanton eye
My seders freshe, as is the Emrawde grene
About my necke a circulet, lyke the ryche rubye
My lyttle legges, my fete both sete and cleane
I am a minion, to wayt vpon the quene
My proper parrot, my lytle pretty soole
With ladies I learne, and go with them to scole

Hagh, ha, ha, parrot, ye can laugh prettly
Parrot hath not dined, of al this long day
Lyke your pus cat parrot can mute and cry
In lattyn, in Chrewe, Araby and Caldey
In greke tonge, parrot, can both speake and saye
As percus that poet, doth report of me
Quis expediuit psitacio suum Chire,

A.ii.

Howse

Those french of parrise, Parrot can lerne
Pronounge my purpose, after my properte
With perlez byen, Parrot ou perlez rien
With Douch, with Spanish, my tonge can agre
In English, to God Parrot can supple
Christ saue king Henry the eight our roial king
The red rose in honour, to flourish and spring.

With Katherine incōparable: our roial quene al
That pareles pōgarnet, christ saue her noble (so
Parrot saues, habler castiliano (grace
With sidasso de costo, in turkey and in trace
His consili expers, as teacheth me horace
Mole ruit sua, whose dices at p̄egnaunte.

My lady maysters, dame Philology
Gave me a gift, in my nest whan I laye
To learne al language, and it to speke aptely
Now pande; moze, war franticke som men says
Pronesles o: frenches, may not hold her way
An almon now for Parrot, delicatly drest
In salue festa dies toto, theyr doth best.

Moderata iuuant, but toto doth excede
Discreffion is mother of noble vertues all
Piden agan, in greke tonge we rede
But reason, and wit wanteth their prouinciall
When wilfulnes, is vicar generall
Her res acu tangitur, Parrot parmasoy
Ticez vous Parrot, Tenez vous coye.

Wesly

Besy, besy, besy, and besines agayne
Due penlez boz parrot, what meneth this besines
Titulus in Dreb, troubled Arons brayn
Welchisedecke mercifull, made Holoe merciles
To wise is no vertue, to medling, to restles
In measure is treasure, cum sensu marturato
Pe tropo sanno, ne tropo mato.

Aram was fyred, with caldies fire called Ar
Job was brought bp, in the land of Bus
The lynage of lot, toke suppozte of Assur
Jereboleth is Ebue, who list the law discus
Peace Parrot ye prate, as ye were ebrius
Howst the lyner god, van hemrick ic seg
In popeting grew peres, whā parrot was an eg

What is this to purpose, ouer in a whinninmeg
Hop Robin of Lowdeon, wold haue a bit of bread
The Jebet of Baldock, was made for Jacke leg
A narrow vnfethered, and without an hed
A bagpipe without blowing, standeth in no sted
Some run to far befoze, some run to far behinde
Some be to churlish, and some be to kind.

Ec dien serueth for Erstrych sether
Ec dien, is the language of the land of Beme
In Affric tongue, Byrsa is a thonge of lether
In Palestina, there is Jerusalem
Collustrū now for parot, whit bred & swete creme
our thomasē she doth trip, our ienet she doth shail
Parrot hath a blacke beard, & a saye grene taile.

A.iii.

Mozy

Forpsh myne owne self, the coffermonger say
Fate, fate, fate, ye irpsh water lag
In flattering fables, men fynde but lytle fayth
But moueatur terra, let the worlde wag
Let sye wig wag, wrastle wyth sye declarag
Euery man, after his maner of wayes
Parwbe uene aruer, so the welche man sayes

Such shredis of sentence, strowed in the shop
Of auncient Aristippus, and such other mo
I gather together, and close in my crip
Of my wanton concept, vnde do promo
Dilemata docta, in pedagogia
Sacro batum, wherof to you I breake
I pray you, let parrot haue lybertie to speke.

But ware the cat parrot, ware the false cat
With who is there, a mayd, nay, nay, I trow
Ware ryat parrot, ware ryot, ware that
Meate, meate, for parrot: meate I say how
Thus diuers of language, by learnynge I grow
With bas me swete parrot: bas me swete swete
To dwel amonge Ladies, parrot is mete

Parrot, parrot, parrot: praty popigay
With my beke I can pke, my lytle praty too
My delight is solas, pleasure: disport and play
Lyke a wanton whan I wyl, I ccle to and froo
Parrot can say, Cesar, aue, also
But Parrot, hath no fauour to Cfebon
Aboue all othe bydes, set parrot alone.

Alas

Ulula, Eſebon, for Jeremy doth wepe
Sion is in ſadnes, Rachel ruly doth loke
Madionita, Jetro, our moyſes kepeth hys ſhepe
Cedeon is gon, that Zalmene undertoke
Orb et Zeb, of Iudicum rede the boke
Now Gebal, Amon, and Amoloch, harke, hark
Parrot pretendeth to be a bibil clarke.

Eſebon Eſebon, to the is come agayne
Heon the regent amozozum
And hog that fat hog, or baſan dothe retayne
The craſty coiltroinus canaueozum
And aſſilum, whilom, refugium miſerozum
Non phantum ſed prophantum, ſtandeth in lyttle
Ulula Eſebon, for ſept is ſtarke ded. (ſed

Eſebon, Garybon, wheſton, nerte Barnet
A trim train for an hors mil it wer a niſe thinge
Depntes for dammyſels, Chaffer far ſet
Wo ho doth barkwel but hough he ruleth y ring
Fro ſcarpary to tartari renoun therin doth ſp;ig
With he ſaid, & we ſaid ich wot now what ich wot
Quod magnus eſt dominus iudas ſcarioth.

Eholompe, and haly were cunnyng and wyſe
In the vol bel in the quadrāt, & in the aſtroleby
To pronofficate truli the chaunce of fortunes diſe
Some trete of their tirikis, ſome of aſtrology
Some pſeudo propheta with Ciromancy
If fortune be frendly, and grace be the guyde
Honoure with renowne, wyl renne of that ſide

Manon calon

Agaton quod parato.

In greca.

A. iiii.

Let

Let parrot I pray you, haue liberty to prate
For aurea lingua greca, ought to be magnified
If it wer cond perfitelv, and after the rate
As lingua latina, in schole matter occupied
But our grekis, their greke so wel haue applied
That they cannot say in greke, ridng by the way
How hosteler, fetch me my horse a bottel of hay.

Neither frame a silogisme, in phrises somo:unt
For maliter et grece, cum medio termino
Our grekes ye walow, in the washbol argolico:u
For though ye can tel in greke what is phormio
Yet ye seke out your greke, in Capricornio
For they scape out good scripture, and set in a gal
Ye go about to amend, and ye mar al.

Some argue, secundum quid ad simpliciter
And yet he would be rekened, pro arrio pagita
And some make distinctions, multipliciter
Whether it a were before uou, or uou before ita
Neither wise nor well lerned but like hermopha
Set sophia a side, for euery Jacke raker (dita
And euery mad medler must now be a maker.

In achademia Parrot, dare no probleme kepe
For grecisari, so occupeth the chayre
That letinum sari, may fall to rest and slepe
And silogisari, was drowned at Sturbridge sayre
Tristale, & quatriniuals, so sore now they appay
That Parrot that Popagay, hath pity to beholde
How the rest of good lerning, is roulled vp & trolde.
Alber

Albertus, de modo significandi

And Donatus, be dyuen out of schole
Christians hed broken, now handp dandy
And inter did ascolos, is rekened for a sole
Alexander, a gander of Menanders pole
With da cansales, is cast out of the gate
And da rationales, dare not shew his pate.

Plaut si in his comedies, a child shal now reherse
And medil with Quintillian, in his declarations
That pety Caton, can scantly construe a verse
With Aucto, in Greco, & such solempn salutaciōs
Can skantly the tensis, of his coniugacions
Setting their mindes, so much of eloquens
That of theyr scole maters, lost is the hole setēce.

Pow a nutmeg, a nut meg, cum gariopholo
For parrot to pike vpon, his brayne for to stable
Swete synammum sticke, and pleris commusco
In paradise, that place of pleasure perdurable
The progeny of parrottis, wer sayre & favorable
Pow in valle ebzon, parrot is fayne to fede
Christ crosse, & sanct nicolas, parrot be your goode
(spede

The myrrour that I tote in, quasi diaphonum
Vel quasi speculum, in Enigmatē
Elencum, or elles, Emimaticum
For logicians to loke on, somewhat sophistice
Retorciōs and oratours, in freshe humanite
Support parrot, I pray you w your suffrage or
Of confuse tatum, auoyding the checkmate(nate
But

But of that supposition, that called is arte
Confuse distrustine, as parrot hath deuyled
Let euery man, after his merit, take bys part
For in this proces, parrot nothing hath surmised
No matter pretended, nor nothing enterprysed
But that me taphora, alegoria with all
Shall be his protection, his pauis and his wall.

For parrot is no churlish chough, nor no flekid pt
Parrot is no pendugum, that men call a earlyng
Parrot is no woodcocke, nor no butter fly
Parrot is no stamring stare, that mē cala starlig
But parrot is mine own dere hart, & my derling
Melpomene y fair maid, she burnished his beke
I pray you let parrot, haue libertie to speke.

Parrot is a fayre byrd for a Lady
God of his goodnes him framed and wrought
When parrot is dead, she doth not putrify
Ye all thyng mortall shall turne vnto noughte
Except mannes soule, that Christ so dere bought
That neuer may dye, nor neuer dye shall
Make much of parrot, that popegay royall

For that pereles prynce, that parrot did creat
He made you of nothing, by his magistie
Point wel this problemie, that parrot doth prate
And remembre among, how parrot and ye
Shal lepe from this life, as merce as we be
Pompe, pryde, honour, ryches and worldly luste
Parrot sayth playnly, shal teurne all to dust

Thus

Thus parrot doth pray you
With heart most tender
To reken with this recule nowe
And it to remember

Psitacuse ecce cauo nec sūt mea carminaphebo

Dignascio tamen est

Plena camena deo,

Secundum Skeltonida famigeratum
In piereorum Cathalago numeratum
Gala thea.

Itaque Consolanimi inuicem
In verbis istis.

Candidi lectores callide callete
Vestrum seute, psitacum.

Galethea.

Now kus me parrot, kus me, kus, kus, kus
Gods blessing light on thy swete litle mus

Vita et anima

eo azeptiche

Aquimates Amen.

Concubunt grece, Non
est hic sermo pudicus

Actica dictamina

Ergo Suus plumbilamina
Vel spuria Vitulamino
Anertat hoc Vxania.

Amen amen

and set to a.d

And then it is amend

Our new found a.b.c.

Cum ceteris

paribus

Of the death of the noble Prince kinge
Edward the forth, per Skeltonidem
Laureatum.

MI seremini mei, ye that be my frendes
This world hath formed me down to fall
How may I endure when y every thinge
What creature is borne, to be eternal (endes
Now there is no more, but pray for me all
Thus say I Edward, that late was your kyng
And. xlii. yeres ruled, this imperiall
Some vnto pleasure, and some to no likynge
Mercy I aske of my misdoynge
What auailleth it, frendes to be my fo
Sith I can not resist, nor amend your cōplaining
Quia ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

I slepe now in molde, as it is natural
As earth vnto earth, hath his reuerture
What ordeyned god, to be terrestriall
Without recours, to the earth of nature
Who to liue euer, may be sure
What is it to trust, on mutabilitie
Sith that in this world, nothing may indure
For now am I gone, that late was in prosperite
To presume ther vppon, it is but a vanite
Not certayne: but as a chery fayreful of wo
Raygned not I of late: in great felicity
Et ecce nunc in pluiere dormio.

Where was in my life, such one as I

While

While lady fortune: with me had continuance
Graunted not she me, to haue victorie
In England to raine, and to contribute Fraunce
She toke me by the hand, and led me a daunce
And with her sugred lips, on me she smyled
But what for her dissembled countenance
I could not beware, til I was begiled
Now from this world, she hath me creiled
When I was lothest, hens for to go
And I am in age, but as who saith a child.
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

I had ynough, I held me not contente
Without remembraunce, that I should dye
And more ouer to inchoke, redy was I bent
I knew not how long, I should it occupy
I made the tower stronge, I wist not why
I knew not to whom, I purchased Petersall
I amended Dover, on the mountayne hye
And london I prouoked, to fortify the wall
I made Notingham, a place royal
Wyndsoz, Eltam, and many other mo
Yet at the last, I went from them al
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

Where is now, my conquest and victorie
Where is my riches, and my royal aray
Where be my coursers, and my horses hye
Where is my myrth, my solas, and play
As vanite to nought, al is wandred away
O lady Beste, longe for me may ye cal
For I am departed, til domes day.

But

But lone ye that lord, that is soueraygne of all
Where be my castles, and buildinges royall
But Winsore alone, nowe I haue no mo
And of Eton, the prayers perpetuall
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

¶ Why should a man, be proud or presume hye
Saint Bernard, therof nobly both treat
Deeth a man, is nothing but a sacke of stercoꝝ
And shall retorne, vnto wormes meate
¶ Why, what came of Alexander the great
Or else of stronge Sampson, who can tell
¶ Ther no wormes ordered, theyr flesh to eat
And of Salomon, that was of witt the well
Absolon, profered his heare for to sel
¶ Yet for al his beutie, wormes eat him also
And I but late in honour did excell
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio

¶ I haue played my pageyond, now am I past
¶ Ye wot wel al, I was of no great yeld
¶ This al thing concluded, shalbe at the last
¶ When death approacheth, then lost is the felde
¶ When sithen this world, me no longer vp helde
¶ For nought wold conserue me, here in my place
¶ In manus tuas domine, my spirite vp I yealde
¶ Humbly beseeching, the God of his grace
¶ O ye curtesie commens, your hartes vnbrace
¶ Weningly now to pray for me also
¶ For right wel you know, your king I was
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

¶ If I should.

Shel.

Skelton Laureate against the Scottes.

Agaynst the proud Scottes clatterynge
That neuer wyl leaue theyr tratlunge
Whan they the felde, and lost theyr kynges
They may wel say, fye on that winning.

L I these fond sottes. And tratling scottes
How thei are blinde. In theyr own minde
And will not know. Theyr ouer throw
At Brannion more. They are so stowe
So frantike mad. They say they had
And wan the felde. With speare and shield
That is as trew. As blacke is blew
And grene is gray. What euer they say
Jemmy is dead. And closed in leade
That was theyr own king. Fye on that winning

At Folddon hilles. Dure bowes our bylles
Slewe all the floure. Of theyr honoure.
Are not these scottes. Foles and sottes
Suche bolke to make. To prate and crake
To face to brace. All boyde of grace
So proud of hart. So ouerthwart
So out of frame. So boyd of shame
As it is enrold. Wrytten and told
Within this quaire. Who list to repast
And ther in reed. Shal finde in deed
A mad rekening. Considering all thing
That the scottes may sing. Fye on the winning
When

When the Scotte lyued.

I Oly Jemmy, ye scoznesul Scot
Is it come vnto your lot
A solemne sumner soz to be
It greeteth nought for your degre
Our kyng of England soz to fight
Your soueraine lord, our pryncce of might
Ye soz to send, such a Citacion
It shameth all your noughty nacion
In comparison, but kyngs hopping
Vnto our pryncce, annointed kinge
Ye play Hop Lobbyn of Lowdean
Ye shew ryght wel, what good ye can
Ye may be Lord of Locrian
Christ sence you, with a fryng part
Of Edingborewe, and saincte Jons towne
A diuyls sumner, cast of your crowne.

When the Scot was slayne.

Continuallye I shall remember
The mery moneth of September
With the .xi. day of the same
For than began, our myrthe and game
So that now I haue deuised
And in my minde, I haue comprised
Of the proude Scot, kyng Jemmy
To wyte some lyttel tragedy
For no maner consideration
Of any sorowful lamentacion
But for the special consolacion
Of al our royal englysh nacion

Melnomone, O muse tragediall
Unto your grace, for grace now I call
To guyde my pen, and my pen to enbibe
Illumine me, your poet, and your scribe
That with mirture of Aloes and bitter gall
I may compound, confections for A. cordiall
To angre the Scottes, & Irish kiteringes wythall
That late were discomfekt, with battaile martiall
Thalia, my muse, for you also cal I
To touche them with tauntes, of your armonyes
A medley to make, of myrth with sadnes
The hartes of England, to comfort with gladnes
And now to begyn, I wyll ine adres
To you rehersyng, the somme of my proces.

Bunge Jampy, Jemmy, Jocky my toye
Summond our king, why did ye so
To you, nothing it did accord
To Summon our king, your soueraigne Lords
A king a Sumner, it was great wonder
Know ye not sugar, and salt a sonder
Pour Sumner to saucye, to malapert
Pour harrold in armes, not yet halfe expert
Ye thought ye did, yet valiauntlye
Not worth thre skippes of a Wyte
Wyte skye galyard, ye were so skit
Pour wyl, than ran before your wyt.
Pour lege ye layd, and pour aly
Pour franticke fable, not worth a fly
Frenche kynge, or one or other

B. i. regarded

Regarded you should your lord your brother
Trowed ye say Jemy, his nobel grace
From you say scot, woulde tourne his face
With gup say scot, of Galawey
Now is your pryde fall to decay
Wale bid, was your fals entent
For to offende your president
Your soueraigne Lord, most reuerente
Your Lord, your brother and your regent.

In him is figured, Melchisedecke
And ye were distopall Amalecke
He is oure noble Scipione
Annoynted kynge, and ye were none
Thoughe ye vnturlye your fathr haue slaine
His tittle is true, in fraunce to raygne
And ye proude Scot, Dundee, Dunbar
Wardye ye were, his homager
And suter to his Parliament
For your vnturthe, now we are ye shent
Ye bare your self, somewhat to bolde
Therfore ye lost, your copy hold
Ye were bonde tenent, to his estate
Lost is your game, ye are checke mate

Unto the castell of Roisam
I vnderstande, to sone ye came
At Branston more, and Flodden hilles
Our Englysh bowes, our Englysh bylles
Agaynst you gaue so sharpe a shower
That of Scotland, ye lost the flower

The white Lyon: there rampaunte of moodes
He raged and rente out your hart bloude
He the White, and you the Red
The white there slewe the red starke ded
Thus for your gurdon quyt are ye
Thanked be God in trinite
And swete saint George our ladies knyghte
Your eye is oute, a dewe good nyghte.

Ye were starke mad to make a fray
His grace bryng out of the way
But by the power and might of God
For your tayle ye made a rod
Ye wanted wit, syr at a worde
Ye lost your spurs, ye lost your sword
Ye mighte haue busked you to huntly bankes
Your pryde was peupsh to play such pranks
Your pouerte could not attayne
With our king royal, war to maintaine.

Of the kynge of Pauerne, ye might take heed
Ungraciously howe he dothe speede
An double dealyng, so he dyd dreame
That he is kynge, wythoute a Reame
And for craumple, he woulde none take
Erperiens hath brought you in such a brake
Your wealthe, your ioy, your sport, your play
Your braggyng host, your royal aray
Your beard so brym, as bore at baye
Your seven systers, that Sun so gay
All haue ye lost, and caste awaye.

B. ii.

Thus

Thus fortune hath tourned you: I dare well saye
Now from a kinge, to a clot of clay
Oute of Robes, ye were shaked
And wretchedly ye lay, Marke your naked
For lacke of grace, harde was your hap
The Popes cures, gaue you that clap.

Of the outpyles, the rough footed Scottes
We haue weleased them of the bottes
The rude rancke Scottes, lyke droncken dranes
At Englyshe bolwes haue fetched theyr banes
It is not sitting, in tower and towne
A Sumner, to were a kynges crowne
Fortune on you, therfore dyd scrowne
Ye were to hye, ye are cast downe
Syr Sumner now, where is your crowne
Cast of your crowne, cast vp your crowne
Syr Sumner, now ye haue lost your crowne
Quod Skelton Laureate, Datoure to the kyn-
ges most royal estate.

S Cotica redacta in formam prouincie
Regis parebit nutibus anglie:
Alioquin (per desertum sin) super Cherubim
Cherubin, seraphim, seraphin que ergo, &c.

Unto diuers people that remord this
ryminge againste the Scot Jemmy.

I Am now constrainned
With wordes nothyng fayned
This inuectiue to make. For some people sake
That lyst for to iangell
And waywardly to wꝛangell

Against

Againste this mymakynge
Their males thereat shakynge
At it reprehending. And venemously stinging
Rebukynge and remordynge
And nothyng accordynge

Cause they haue none other
But for that he was hys brother
Brother vnnatural. Unto our kyng royal
Againste whome he did fighte
Falslye agaynst all ryghte
Lyke that vnttrue rebell
Falsse Cayne agaynst Abell.

But who so there at pyketh mood
The tokens are not good
To be true Englyshe blood
For if they vnderstood
His traytourly dyspight
He was a recrayed knyght
A subtyll sylmatyke
Ryghte neare an herptyke
Of grace out of the state
And died excommunicate

And for he was a kyng
The more shamesful rekenynge
Of hym shoulde men reporte
In earnest and in spoete
He scantlye loueth oure kyng
That grudgeth at this thing
That casteth suche ouerthwartes
Percase haue hollowe hartes

Si veritatem dico, quare non creditis michi.

B. iiii.

Chorus

Chorus de Dys, contra Scottes, cum omni
processionali festiuitate solempnisauit
hoc Epitoma. xxii. die.
Septembris. &c.,

S Alue festa diestoto resonabilis euo
Qua scottus iacobus obruius en secadit
Barbara scottoru gens pfida plena maloru
Vincitur ad Norram, vertitur inque fuga
Vasta paulus sed campestris (borie memoratur
Braxton more) scottis terra perosa fuit
Scottica castra fremunt Floddun sub motibus al
Que Valide inuadens dissipat angla manus tis
Millia scottorum trusit gens anglica passim
Luxuriat tepido sanguine pignis humus
Pas animas miseri miseras, misere sub umbras
Pars ruit in foueas, pars subiit latebras
Iam quid agit Iachobus, danoru gremine creto
Persidus Vt nemroth lapsus ad iam ruit
Dic modo scottorum dudum male fane in aloru
Rector nunc Regeris mortuus exce iaces
Sic Leo te Rapidus Leo candidus inclitus urfit
quo Leo in Rubins ultima fata luis
Anglia doc choreas Resonent tua tepana psallas
Da laudes domino, Da pia uota deo,

Hec Laureatus skeltonis
Regine orator.

Chorus

¶ Chorū de dī. *Ecce. super triumphali uictoria contra gallos. Ecce cantauit solemniter hoc Flogium in profesto diui Iohannis ad de colationem.*

S Alue festa dies toto memorabilis euo.
Qua rex Henricus gall. co bella premit
Henricus Rutilans Octauus noster in armis
Tir & inne gentis menit strauit humi
Sceptryger anglorum bello ualidissimus hector
Francorum gentis colla superba terit
Dux armis nuper celebris modo dux inermis
De longule modo die quo tuo pompa ruit
De cleremount clarus dudum die galle superbe
Vnde superbus eris? carcere noune gemis?
Discite francorum gens cetera capta, britannum
Noscite magnanimum, subdite uos que sibi
Gloria cappa docis diue miles que Marie
Illius hic sub ope Gallica regnare get.
Hoc insigne bonum diuino Numine gestum
Anglica gēs referat sempar, ouans que canat
¶ Per skletonida Laureatum,
Oratorem Regium.

¶ Here after foloweth the booke,
entituled. *Warre the Hawke.*
per skelton Laureat.
B.iiii. Prologus

Prologus Skeltonidis
Laureati super warre
the Hawke.

This worke deuysed is
For such as do a mis
And specially to controule
Suche as haue cure of soule
That be so farre abused
They can not be excused
By reason nor by lawe
But that they play the dawke
To hawke or else to hunte
From the Altar to the funte
With crye vntreuerente
Before the Sacramente
Within the holpe churche boundis
That of oure faythe, the grounde is
That p[re]st that hawkes so
All grace is farre hym fro
He semeth a s[er]uante
Or else an heretike
For fapth in him is faynte
Therefore to make complaynte
Of suche mysladuyled

Parsons, and disguised
this boke we haue deuised
Compendiouslye comprised
No good priest to offend
But suche dares to amend
In hope that no man shal
Be discontent wythal.

I Shall you make relacion
By waye of a postrofacion
Under suppoxtacion
Of your pacient tolleracion
How I Skelton Laureat
Deuyfed and also wrote
Upon a lewde Curate
A parson benificed
But nothing wel aduised
He shall be as now nameles
But he shal not be blameles
Nor he shal not be shameles
For sure he wrought a mis
to haue a way church of Dis
this fonde frantike fauconer
With hys poluted pawther
As priest vnreuerent

Streight

Straight to the Sacrament
He made his Hawke to fly
With hogenous howte and crye
The hre auter he strypt naked
There on he stode and craked
He shoke downe al the clothes
And sware horrible othes
Before the face of God
By Moyles and Atrons rod
O that he thence yede
His hawe shoulde pray and fede
Upon a pigeons mawe
The bloude ran downe raw
Upon the auter stone
The hawe tyed on a bonne
And in the holy place
She muted there a chafe
Upon my corporas face
Such sacrificium laudis
He made with such gambadis

Obseruate.

His second hawe waxed gerye
And was with flying werye
She had flown in so oft
That on the rode left

h

She perked her to rest
The Fauconer then was p̄sēt;
Came running with a dow
And cryed slow slow slow
But she would not bowe
He then to be sure
Called her with a lure
Her meate was very crude
She had not wel endude
She was not cleane ensaymed
She was not wel reclaymed
But the fauconer bnfayned
Was much moze febler brained
The hawke had no lyst
to come to hys fyst
She loked as she had the frōce
With that he gaue her a bounce
ful vpon the gorge
I wyl not sayne noz forge
The hawke with that clap
fel downe with euil hap
The church dozes wer sparred
Fast bolted and barred
yet with a p̄ety gin
A fortunēd to come in

thys

this rebell to beholde
Whereof him I contrould
But he sayde that he wolde
Agaynste my mynde and wyll
In my churche hawke styl.

Considerate.

On saint Ihon decollacion
He hawked on this facion
tempore, vespertarum
Sed non secundum farum
But lyke a marche harum
His byaynes were so parum
He sayde he would not let
His houndes for to fet
to hunte there by lyberte
In the dispite of me
And to halowe there the fore
Downe went my offering box
Boke bel and candel
All that he might handell
Cros staffe, lecterne and baner
Fel downe on thys manner

Cdeliberate.

With troll, citrace and troupe
they ranged hankin boupe

My

My churche all about
this fawconer gan shoute
these be my gospellers
these be my pistillers
these be my queristers
to helpe me to singe
My hawkes to mattens ring
In this priestly giding
His hawke then flew vpon
the rode with Mary and Jho
Delt he not lyke a son
Delt he not lyke a daw
O2 elsse is this goddes law
Decrees o2 Decretals
O2 holy sinodals
O2 elsse prouincials
thus within the wals
Of holy church to deale
thus to ringe a peale
With his hawkes belles
Doutles suche losels
Make the church to be
In smal aucthorite
A curate in specyall
to snapper and to fal

Into

Into this open crime
To loke on this were time

¶ Vigilate.

But who so that lokes
In the officials bokes
ther he may see and reed
that this is matter in deed
How be it mayden meed
Made them to be agreed
And so the scribe was feed
And the Wharalaye
than durst nothing say
But let the matter slip
And made truthe to trip
And of the spiritual law
they made but a gewgaw
And toke it out in drynke
And this the cause doth bring
the church is thus abused
Reproched and polluted
Correction hath no place
And al for lacke of grace

deplorate.

Loke now in Crodi
And deatcha domini

noth

With requem by and by
the Bibel wyl not lye
How the temple was kept
How the temple was swept
Where sanguis taurorum
Aut sanguis vitulorum
Was offred within the wals
After ceremonials
When it was poluted
Sentence was executed
By way of expiation

diuinitate.

Then muche more by the rod
Where christes precious bloud
Daily offred is
To be poluted this
And that he wished with al
That the dowues donge downe
might fall
Into my chalis at mas
When consecrated was
The blessed sacrament
O priest vnreuerent
He sayde that he would Hunt
From the aulter to the fount

Refon

Reformato

Of no tyrande I rede
that so farre dyd excede
Neither yet Dioclesian
Nor yet Domitian
Nor yet croked Cacus
Nor yet drunken Bacus
Nothor Olibrius
Nor Dionisius
Nothor Phalaris
Reherfed in valery
Nor Sardanapall
Unhappiest of all
Nor Nero the worst
Nor Claudius the curst
Nor yet Egeas
Nor yet sye Phereumbas
Nothor Zorobabell
Nor cruell Iesabell
Nor yet tarquinius
Whome Titus Linius
In wrytynge dothe enroll
I haue red them poll by pol
the stoye of Aristobell
And of Constantinopel

which

whiche cite Miscreantes wan
And slue many a chris ten man
Yet the Sowden noꝝ the turke
Wrought neuer such a worke
Foꝝ to let their harokes flye
In the church of Saint Sophy
With much matter moꝝe
That I kepe in stoꝝe

Pensitate

Then in a tabel playne
I wrote a verse oꝝ twaine
Where at he made dis dayne
the pekythe parsons brayne
Coude not reache noꝝ attaine
What the sentence mente
He layde foꝝ a croked intent
the wordes were paruerted
And this he ouerthwarted
Of the whiche proceſſe
Ye maye knowe moꝝe expꝛeſſe
If it please you to loke
In the residue of this booke

There after follo weth
the table.

C. i.

Loke

L Oke on this tabul
Whether thou art a bul
To rede or to spel
What these verses tel.

In sicculo lutueris et colo būra ara
Nixphedras uis arum canuiter tuntantes.

C Raterplas Natanbrian um sudus itnugenus,
18.10.2.11.19.4.13.3.3.1. tēualet.

Cartula stet precor hec uello temeranda petuleo.

Hos rapiet Numeros non homo sz mala bos.

Ex parte. Rem carte aduerte aperte, pone musam
arethusam banc.

Where to shoulde I rehers
The sentence of my vers.
In them be no scholes
For Braynsicke franticke soles
Construas hoc, domine dawcocke.

Ware the hawke.

Maister Sophista
Ye simplex, silogista
The Deuelyshe dogmatista
Your hawke on your fista
To hawke when your lista
In ecclesia ista, domine cacapista
With thy hawke on thy fisty
Anquid sic dixisti. Anquid sic fecisti
Sed ubi hoc legisti
Aut vnde hoc, doctor dawcocke.

Ware the hawke.

Doctor Dialetica
Where finde you in Ipotetica
Or in Cathagozia. Latina, siue doxica
To vse your hawkes, foxica
In propiciatorio, tanquam, diuersorio
Vnde hoc, domine dawcocke
Ware the hawke.

C.ii.

Say

Saye to me Iacke havis
Quare accuparis Ad sacramētū altaris
For no reuens thou spares
to shake in y pigeons federis
Super, at cam federis
Vnde hoc doctoꝝ dawcocke
Ware the Hawke.

Sit dominus vobiscum Par aucupium
Ye made your hawke to cum
De super. candelabrum
Christi crucifigi
to fede vpon your fistye
Dic inimice crucis christi. Ubi didicisti
Facere hoc domine dawcocke
Ware the Hawke

Apostata Iulianus
Noꝝ yet Nestorianus
thou shalt ne where rede
that they did such a dede
to let theyꝝ hawkes fly
Ad ostium tabernaculi
In quo est corpus domini
Caue hoc, doctoꝝ dawcocke
Ware the Hawke

thys

this doutlesse ye raue
Dis church ye thus depauid
Wherfore as I be saued
Ye are therfore be knaue
Quare, quia euangelia
Concha, et conchelia
Ancipiter, & sonalia
Cetera, quoque talia
Tibi sunt equalia
Vnde hoc domine dawcocke

Ware the Hawke

Et relis et ralis. Et reliqualis
From Granado to galis
From winchelsee to wales
Non est brainficke tales
Nec minus rationalis. Nec magis bestia
That singges with a chalis
Construas hoc doctoꝝ dawcocke
Ware the Hawke.

Mased witles sinery smith
Papar with your hammer vpo thy styth
And make here of a sickel oꝝ a saw
For though ye liue. a. c. yere ye shal dye a
Vos valete doctoꝝ indiscrete (daw
Sheltonis

Skeltonis Apostrophat ad diuum Iohannem decollatū
tum in culus profesto fiebat hoc aucupium.

Memoranda dies qua decolare Iohannes Aucupium facit hoc quondam quod fecerit infra ecclesiam de disuiolans sua sacra sacrorum rector de whipstocke doctor cognomine daucocke, et dominus wodcocke, probatis. probat hic. probat hec hoc.

Idem. de liber a dicacitate poetica, in extolenda probitate et in perfricanda ignobilitate.

Libertas ueneranda piis concessa poetis, discendi est quecunque placent querunque iuuabunt uell quecunque ualent iustas defendere causas uell quecunque uolent stolidos mordere petulcos. Ergo da bis ueniam.

Quod Skelton Laureat.

All noble men of this take hede
And beleue it as your crede.

Ohastye of sentence
to fearse for none offence
to scarce of your expens
to large in negligence
to clacke in recompens

to haue in excellence
to lighte intelligence
And to lyghte of credence
Where these kepe residence
Reason is banished thence
And also dame Prudence
With sober pacience.

All noble men of this take hede
And beleue it as your crede
Then wythoute collusyon
Marke wel this conclusion
thowwe suche abusyon
And by suche Illusion
Unto greate confusion
A nobell man maye fall
And hys honoure appall
that if ye thinke this shall
Not rub you on the gall
then the deuill take all
Al nobel men of this take hede. &c.

Quod Skelton Laureate.

C. liii.

Ye

We may here now, in this time
How euery thing, must haue a time.

Time is a thing, that no man may resist
Time is transitory, and Irreuerſible
Who ſaith the contrari, time paſſeth as him
Time muſt be taken, in ſeaſon conuenable (liſt
Take time when time is, for time is ay mutable
All thyng hath time, who can for it provide
Hide for time who wil, for time wil no māa hide
Tyme to be ſad, and tyme to play and ſports
Time to take reſt, by way of recreation
Tyme to ſtudy, and tyme to vſe comfort
Tyme of pleaſure, and time of conſolation
Thus time hath his time, of diuers maner ſaction
Tyme for to eate and drynke, for thy repaſt
Tyme to be lyberal, and time to make no waſt
Time to trauel, and time for to reſt
Time for to ſpeake, and time for to hold thi peace
Time woulde be vſed, when time is beſt
Time to begin, and time for to ceaſe
And when time is, put thy ſelf in preaſe
And when time is, to holde thy ſelfe a backe
For time wel ſpent, can neuer haue lacke.
The rotes take theyr ſap, in time of bere
In time of ſommer, floures freſhe and grene
In time of harueſt, men their corne there
In time of winter the North wind wareth kene
So bitterly biting, the floures be not ſene
The kalendis of Ianus, with his froſtes hore
That time is, whē people muſt liue vpo the ſtoze

Quod Skelton Laureat.

A prayer

A prayer to the father of heauen.

O Radiant luminary of light interminable
Celestial father, potencial God of might
Of heauen and earth. O lord incōperable
Of al perfections the essencial most persighte
O maker of mankind, that formed day and night
Whose power imperial, cōprehēdeth euery place
Mine hart, my mind, my thought, my hole delite
Is after this life, to se thy glorious face.

Whose magnificence, is incomprehensible
Al argumentes of reason, which far doth excede
Whose deite doutles, is indiuisible
From whō al goodnes, and vertue dothe proceeds
Of thy support, al creatures haue nede
Assist me good Lord, and graunt me of thy grace
To liue to thy pleasure, in word thought & dede
And after this lyfe to see thy glorious face.

To the seconde Parson.

O Benigne Iesu, my souerain lord and kinge
The only sonne of God, by filiation
The second parson, without beginning
Both, god & man, our faith maketh plain relatiō
Mary the mother, by way of incarnation
Whose glorvous passion, our soules doth reuine
Again al bodely, and ghostly tribulacion
Defend me with thy pitcous woundes thus

O pereles pynce, paynted to the deathe
Rufully rent, thy body wan and blo

For my redemption, gaue by thy vntal breathe
Was neuer sorow, lyke to thy deadly wo
Graunt me, out of this world when I shal go
Thine endles mercy, for my preseruatiue
Against the world, the flesh, the deuill also
Defende me with thy piteous woundes sure.

To the holy ghost.

O fiery sentence, inflamed wyth all grace
Enkindeling hertes, with brands charitable
The endlesse rewarde, of pleasure and solace
To the father, and the son, thou art comunicable
In vnitatie, which is inseperable
O water of life, O wel of consolacion
Against all suggestions deadly, and dampnable
Rescu me good Lorde, by your preseruacion.

To whome is appropried, the holy ghoste by
The third parson, one god in Trinite (name
Of perfytt loue, thou art the ghostlye flame
O mirrour of mekenes, peace and tranquillitye
My confort, my counsel, my parfit charity
O water of lyfe, O wel of consolacion
Against all stornes, of hard aduersitie
Rescu me good Lord, by thy preseruacion.

Amen.

Quod Skeiton Laureate.

Here after foloweth the boke
called Clinour Humming.

The

The tunnyng of Elynour Kunnynge. Per Skelton Laureate.

Tell you I chyll
If that ye wpll
A whyle be stil
Of a comelye gyll
That dwelt on a hyl
But she is not gryll
For she is somewhat sage
And well worne in age
For her visage
It woulde asswage
A mannes courage
Her lothelye leare
Is nothyng cleare
But vglye of cheare.
Drouppe and drowlye
Scurvy and lowlye
Her face all bowlye
Comelye crinckled
Wonderflye wrynkled
Like a rostte pigges care
Brystled wyth here
Her lewde lypes twayne
They slauer men sayne
Lyke a roppe rayne
A gummy glayze

She

She is vglye fayre
Her nose some dele hoked
and camouflye croked
Peuer stoppinge
But euer dropping
Her skin lose and slacke
Crained like a sacke
With a croked backe
Her even golwnde
Are full vnswondy
For they are blered
And she grave beared
Jawed like a Jetty
A man would haue pity
To se how she is gumbed
Fingered and thumbed
Gently ioynted
Cresed and annointed
Up to the knockels
The bones her buckels
Together made faste
Her yowthe is farre paste
Foted like a plane
Legges like a crane
And yet she wyllet
Lyke a iolly fet
In her furred flocket
And gray russet rocket
With simper the cocket
Her buke of Lyncole grene

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It hadde bene hers I wene
More then fortye yere
And so it dothe appeare
And the grene bare thredes
Looke lyke sere wedes
Wythered lyke Haye
The woll worne awaye
And yet I dare saye
She thinketh her selfe gaye
Upon the holpe daye
When she dothe her araye
and girdeth in her gytes
Stytched and pranked with pletes
Her kirtell Bristowe red
With clothes vpon her heade
That they way a soue of leade
Wythen in a wonder wise
after the Sarazins gise
With a whin wham
Knit with a trim tram
Upon her brayne panne
Like an Egyptian
Capped aboute
When she goeth oute
Her selfe for to shewe
She driueth downe the Delos
With a paire of heles
as brode as two wheles
She hobbles as a Gose
With her blanket hose

Her thone smered with talow
Cresed upon dyrt
That baudeth her skyrte

Primus passus.

And this comelye dame
I vnderstande her name
Is Elynoure Kummynge
At home in her wonnyng

And as men say
She dwelt in Sothray

In a certayne stede

By syde Lederhede

She is a tonnishe gyb

The denell and she be sib.

But to make vp my tale

She bzueeth noppys ale

And maketh therof pooze sale

To trauellers, to tinkers

To sweters, to swinkers

And ali good ale drynkers

That wyll nothyng spare

But dryncke tyll they stare

And brynge them selfe bare

With nowe away the mare

And let vs slep care

as wise as an hare

Come who so wil

To Elynour on the hil

With fil the cup fill

and sit there by styl

Carelye and late

Thither

Thither commeth Kate
Clype and Sare
With their legges bare
and also theyr fete
Hardely full vnswete
With their heles dagged
Theyr kytelles all to iagged
Theyr smockes all to ragged
With titters ond tatters
Byrnye dishes and platters
With all their mighte runnyng
To Elynoure runnyng
To haue of her tunning
She leaue them of the same
And thus beginneth the game
Some wenches come vnbraised
Wyth theyr naked pappes
That flippes and flappes
It wygges and it wagges
Lyke tawny saffron bagges
a sozte of foule drabbes
all scurvy wyth stabbes
Some be slye bytten
Some skewed as a kyttten
Some with a sho cloute.
Bynde theyr heades aboute
Some haue no herelace
Theyr lockes about their face
Theyr tresses vntruste
all full of vnluste

Some

Some looke strawpe
Some calwpe mawpe
Full vntidpe tegges
Lyke rotten egges
Suche a lewde sozte
To Elynoure resozte
From tyde to tyde
Abyde abyde
and to you shall be fouldes
Howe her ale is souldes
To mawte and to molde
Secundus passus.

Some haue no monye
That thither comnye
For theyr ale to paye
That is a shrewde a raye
Elynoure sweared naye
He shall not beare awaye
My ale for noughte
By him that me boughte
With hey dogge haye
Haue these dogges awaye
Wyth gette me a staffe
The swyne ate my drasse
Strike the bogges with a clubbe
They haue dronk vp mi swilling tub
For be there neuer so much prefe
These swine go to the hye dese
The sowe wyth her pygges
The boze his taylor wygges

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Against the hye bench.
With so, ther is astench
Gather vp thou wench.
Seest þ not what is fall
Take vp drit and al.
And beare out of the hal
God geue it il preuing.
Clenly as euel cheuing!
But let vs turne plain,
Ther we lest agayne
For as ill a patch as that.
The hens run in the mashfat
For they go to rout.
Straight ouer the ale soust
And donge whan it commes.
In the ale tunnes
Then Clinour taketh.
The mash bol and shaketh
The hennes donge away.
And skommeth it in a trap
Where as the pest is.
With her maungy fillis
And somtime she blens.
The donge of her hennes
And the ale together.
And saith gossip come hither
This ale shal be thicker
And floure the more quicker
For I maye tell you
I learned it of a Jewe

D.t.

Whan

When I began to brewe
And I haue founde it trewe
Drinke nowe while it is new
And ye may it broke
It shall make you loke
Yonger then ye be
Peres two or thre
For ye maye proue it by me
Behold the sayd and see
How bright I am of ble
Ich am not cast away
That can my husband saye
When we kysse and playe
In luste and in likinge
He calleth me his whiting
His mullinge and his nittinge
His nobbes and his connye
His sweting and hys honny
With basse my pretty bonny
Thou arte worthe good and monny
This make I my salyre fanny
Tyll that he dreame and dronnye
For after all oure sport
Than wyl he rout and snort
Then sweteli together we ly
As two pygges in a sty.
To cease me semeth best
And of this tale to reast
And for to leaue thys letter
Because it is no better

And

And because it is no sweeter
We wyl no farther ryme
Of it, at this time
But we wyl turne playne
Where we left againe.

Tertius passus.

In stede of coine and monny
Some brynge her a conny
And some a pot with honni
Some a salt, and some a sponne
Some their hose, some ther shone
Some ran a good trot
With a skyllet or a pot
Some fyll theyr pot full
Of good Lemster woll
An huswife of truste
When she is a thurst
Suche a webbe can spyn
Her thyrste is full thyn
Some go strayghte thither
Be it flaty or slider
They holde the hye waye
They care not what men saye
Be that as he maye
Some lothe to be espyde
Some start in at the backe syde
Ouer the hedge and pale
And all for the good ale
Some renne tyll they swete
Bryng with them malt or whete

D.ii.

And

And dame Ellnoure entreaet
To byle them of the best

Then cometh an other gess
She swered by the rode of cress
Her lyppes are so drye
Without drynke she must dye
Therefore fyll it by and by
And haue here a pecke of ry

Anone cometh another
As drye as the other
And wyth her dothe bryng
Mele, salt, or other thing
Her haruest girdle, her wedding
To pay for hir scot (ringe
As cometh to her lot
Som bringeth her husbādes hood
Because the ale is good
Another brought her his cap
To offer to the ale tap
With flare and wyth towe
And some brought soure dow
With hey and with holwe
Syt we downe a rowe
And dryncke tyll we blowe
And pype tyrlpe tyrlowe

Some layde to pledge
Theyr hatchet and theyr wedge
Theyr hekell and theyr rele
Their rock, their spinning whele
And some went so narrow

They

They laide to pledge their wharrow
Their rib skin and theyr spindell
Their nedel and their thimbell
Here was scante thyfste
Whan they made such thyfste
Their thyfste was so greate
They asked neuer for meate
But drinke still drynke
And let the cat winke
Let vs washe oure gommies
From the dry crommes

Quartus passus.

Some for very nede
Lay down a skain of threde
And some a skain of yarne
Bothe Beanes and pease
Small Chaffer dothe ease
Sometime, now and than
Another there was that ran
With a good brasspan
Her coloure was ful wan
She ran in all the haste
Unbraised and vnlasse
Lawnye swart and swallowe
Lyke a cake of tallowe
I sweare by all hallowe
It was a scare to take
The Deuyll in a brake.
And than came haltyng Jone
And brought a gambone

Dr

Of bakon that was reastye
But Lorde as she was tellye
Angrye as a waspye
She began to yane and gaspye
And bad Elynoure go bet
And fyll in good meate
It was dere that was farre set
Another broughte a spycke
Of a bacon flicke
Her tonge was verye quicke
But the spake somewhat thicke
Her felowe did stammer and stut
But she was a soule out
For her mouthe somed
And her bellye groned
None sayne she had eaten a fyest
By Chryste sayde she thou lyest
I haue as swete a bryathe
As thou wyth shamefull deathe
Then Elynour sayd, ye calettes
I shall bryake your palettes
Withoute ye nowe cease
and so was made the broken pease
Than thider came droncken Ales
And she was full of tales
Of tydinges in Wales.
And of saint James in Gales
And of the Portyngales
With lo gossip I wis
Thus and thus it is

There hath ben greate warre
Betwene temple barre
And the crosse in cheape
And there came an heape
Of milstones in a route
She speaketh thus in her snoute
Sneuelynge in her nose
As thoughe she had the pose
Lo here is an olde tippet
And ye wyll geue me a sippet
Of your stale ale
God sende you good sale
And as she was drynkyng
She fell in a wynkyng
Wyth a barlye hooode
She pytte where she stode
Than began she to wepe
And forthwith fell on slepe
Elynoure tooke her vp
And blessed her wyth a cup
Of newe ale in cornes
Ales founde therein no thornes
But supped it vp at ones
She found therein no boznes

Quintus passus.

Now cometh another rabel
Fyrst one with a ladell
Another wyth a cradell
and wyth a syde sadell
and there began a fabel
a clatteringe and a babell

D. liii.

Dr

Of soles filly

That had a sole with willy

With iast you, and gup gillye

She coude not lye fillye

Then came in a genet

And sware by saynct Bennet

Foranke not this sennet

A draughte to my paye

Elynoure I the pray

Of thyne ale let vs assaye.

And haue here a pilch of gray

I weare skinnis of Conye

that causeth I loke so donny

Another than dyd hyche her

And broughte a pottel pycher

A tonnel, and a bottel

But she had lost the stoppel

She cut of her sho sole

And stopped therewith the hole

Amonge all the blommer

Another brought a skommer

A fryng pan and a slice

Elynoure made the pryce

For good ale eche whit.

Then starte in mad hys

That had lytle wylt

She semed some deale seke

And brought vp a peny chcke

To dame Elynoure

For a draughte of lycour.

Then

Than Margery milke duche
Her kirtell she did vp tucke
An ynche abone her kne
Her legges that ye might se
But thei wer sturdi & stubbled
Mighty pestels and clubbed
As saye and as white
As the fote of a kite
She was somwhat foule
Croke necked lyke an Owle
And yet she broughte her fers
A cantel of Ester chese
Was well a fote thicke
Full of magottes quicke
It was huge and greate
And mightye stronge meate
For the deuill to eate
It was tarte and punyete
Another sorte of stuttes
Some broughte walentes
Some apples, some pearces
Some brought their clippinge sheres
Some broughte thys and that
Some broughte I wote neare what
Some broughte theyr husbandes hat
Some podynges and lynkes
Some tripes that stinkes
¶ But of all thys thronge
One came them amonge
She semed halfe a leche

And

and began to preach
Of the teweſdai in the weke
Whan the mare doth keke
of the vertue of an vnſet leke
Of her husbandes bꝛeke
With the ſeders of a gualle
She could to bourde on ſayle
and wyth good ale barme
She could make a charme
To healde wyth all a ſtytche
ſhe ſemed to be a wytche
Another brought. ii. goſlings
That wer noughty froſſings
ſome brought the in a wallet
ſhe was a cumlye callet
The goſſinges were vntide
Elinour begā to chide (bꝛout
the be wꝛethockes thou haſte
they ar thyꝛe ſhaking nought

Secundus paſſus.

Maund ruggy, thither ſkipped
ſhe was vglye hipped
and vglye thicke lipped
Like an Onion ſided
Like tan ledder hided
ſhe had her ſo guided
betwene the cup and the wal
That ſhe was there wyth all
Into a palſey fall
With that her hed ſhaked
and her handes quaked

Ones heade wold haue aked
To se her naked
She dranke so of the dragges
The droppe was in her legges
Her face glistring like glasse
all foggie fat she was
She had also the goute
In all her ioyntes aboute
Her breth was soure and stale
and smelled all of ale
suche a bedfellowe
Wold make one cast his crow
But yet for all that
She dranke on the mashe fat
There came an olde rybibe
She halted of a kibe
and had broken her thyn
at the threshold comyng in
and fell so wyde open
That one myght se her token
The deuil there on be wroken
What nede all thys be spoken
She yelled lyke a calfe
Kylle vp on gods halfe
sayde Elynoure rummyng
I be shewe the for thy cumming
as she at her did plucke
Quake, quake, sayde the ducks
In that lampatrans lap
With fye, couer the shap
Wylth sum slip slap

God

God geue it yll happe
Hapde Elynoure for shame
Lyke an honest dame
Up the stearte, halfe lame
And skantlye coulde go
For payne and for wo

In came another dant
Wylth a gosse and a gant
She had a wide wesant
She was nothynge pleasaunt
Pecked lyke an Oliphant
It was a bullifant
a gredy cormerante
another brought her garlik heds
another brought her bedes
Of Jet oz of coale
to offer to the ale pole
some brought a wimble
some brought a thymble
some brought a silke lace
some brought a pincase
some her husbandes gowne
some a pillowe of downe
some of the napery
and all this thyste they make
For the good ale sake
¶ A straw sayd bele stande vtter
For we haue egges and butter
and of pigeons a payre.
¶ Than sterte forth a fisgigge

and

And she brought a boze pigge
the fleshe thereof was ranke
and her breath stronglye stanke
Yet of she wente she dranke
and gate her greate thancke
Of Elynoure for her ware
that she thither bare
to paye for her share
Howe trulye to my thinkinge
this is a solempne drinking
Septimus passus.

Soft quod one high Sibbill
and let me with you bibill
she sate downe in the place
With a sorre face
Wher they wormed aboute
Garnished was her snoute
With here and there a puscul
Lyke a scabbed muscull
this ale sayde she is nopppe
Let vs sippe and sopppe
and not spil a dropppe
For so mote I hopppe
It colethe well my copppe
¶ Dame Elynoure sayde she
Haue here is for me
A cloute of London pinnes
and with that she beginnes
the pot to her plucke
and dranke a good lucke

She

She swynge by a quartre
at ones for her part
Her painche was so puffed
and so wyth ale stuffed
Had she not hyed a pace
She had desoyled the place
¶ Than began the sport
amonge that dronken sort
Dame Elynoure sayde they
Lende here a cocke of hay
To make al thyng cleane
Ye wote well what we meane
¶ But syr amonge all
That late in that hall
There was a pricke me dentye
late like a saintye
and began to painthe
as thoughe she woulde saintye
she made it as a koy
as a lege demoy
she was not halfe so wise
as she was peuythe nyse
shelayde neuer a worde
But rose from the borde
and called for sure dame
Elynoure by name
We supposed I wys
That she rose to pisse
But the berye grounde
Was for to compounde

with

With Elynour in the spence
To paye for her expence
I haue no penny nor grote
To pay said she, god wot
For washyng of my throte
But my bedes of amber
Were them to your chaumber
Then Elynour dyd them hide
Wpthin her beddes syde
But some than sat righte sad
That nothyng had
There of theyr owne
Neyther gelt nor pawns
Suche were therz mennys
That had not a penny
But whan they should walke
Were fayne wpth a chaik
To scoze on the balke
Or scoze on the tayle
God geue it pl! haile
For my syngers ytche
I haue wrytten to mych
Of this mad mummyng
Of Elynoure Kummynge
Thus endeth the gest
Of this worthe fests.

od Skelton Laureat.

aurati skeltnidis in despectu
lignantium disticon.

Quam

,cū quis marcescis inania
inus, hec loca plena locia

men fouient.

minas, que bel nimis bibule sunt,
sordida labe squaloris, aut quāspu
tatis macula, aut verbosa laquatita
., poeta inuitat ad audiedū hūc libellū. &c

EBria, squali, sordida femina, pdigauerbis
Huc currat, properet veniat sua libellus
Iste volutabit: pean sua plectra sonando
.. Materiam risus cantabit carmine rauco,

¶ F I N I S .

¶ Quod Skelton Laureate.

¶ Thus endeth these litle works
compiled by maister Skelton
Poet Laureat.

Handwritten notes in a cursive script, likely a later addition or a different hand. The text is mostly illegible due to the cursive and fading, but appears to be a list or a set of instructions related to the book's compilation or printing.

THE END OF

TITLE *Little wo*

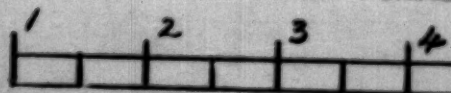
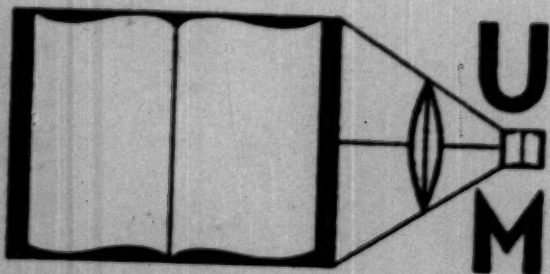
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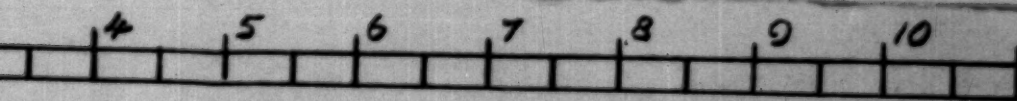
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